

The Coming Out Of Will Byers by FandomTales

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Summary:

Will Byers is gay, and he figures it's time for his family and best friends to know.

The Coming Out Of Will Byers

Will Byers has decided to do something life-changing. He's going to come out. As gay. To his family and best friends. The concept of doing this is dizzyingly terrifying to most, but after being in the Upside-Down two years ago, he figures he can face anything. Scratch that, it still is terrifying, but he wants the people most important to him to know who he is- who he TRULY is. And while it's not all of him, being gay is a part of him.

It took him a while to figure it out. Even with Lonnie and Troy calling him “Queer” and other painful words, he'd never truly thought about it until 7th grade. His friends and him hadn't really dated before that, so Will never had to think about it, but in 7th grade the dating scene changed. Kids were pairing off, and even his friends had began to look at girls in a different light. Will had realized that even though he thought the girls at school were pretty, he didn't feel the urge to date any of them. He had been taken to the upside-down in 7th grade though, so he didn't think about relationships for a long while after. In the summer after the incident, dating started back up again, and things got a bit harder for Will. His friends kept urging him to ask out Jennifer Hayes, but Will just couldn't, he felt nothing towards her. He told them that, which baffled his friends. Jennifer was the prettiest girl in the grade, they said, just go on one date for bragging rights. He told them he had a crush on another girl, which was partially true. He did have a crush, but it wasn't on a girl. It was on an 8th grade boy. He was tall and handsome, and Will once tutored him in chemistry. Ironical, right? As 8th and 9th grade years passed, Will became more solidified in the fact that, yes, he did like boys, and yes, he was gay.

In the July after 8th grade, Will decided to come out. He had been planning when to for months, and now seemed like an okay time to do it. The sun was out, his mom and Jonathan had been making fairly good money after both being promoted, and his friends and him did nothing but enjoy themselves watching movies and playing Dn'D. Will had gone over the hypothetical conversations in his head a countless number of times, some of the conversations going well, others horribly. He wanted to do it anyway though. He decided to

start with Jonathan, then his mom, then his sister and friends. He was ready. At least, as ready as one could be for this.

I. Jonathan

Jonathan seemed like a sort of easy start. He had always told Will to be himself and not do things just because other people wanted him to. Jon had encouraged him to not worry about the normal in life. Along with his unflagging love for his little brother, Jon seemed easy to come out to because Will thought Jon might like boys, as well as girls. He saw him kiss Nancy, but also steal longing glances at Steve. Steve always returned the looks, but kissed Nancy also. It was too confusing for Will to keep up with.

“Jonathan?” Will called, walking down the hallway. When he entered the older boy's room, he didn't sit down, just stood stiffly in the corner. Jonathan pulled off his headphones and turned to Will.

“What's up, buddy?” Jon asked, peeling his eyes away from a list of possible mixtape songs.

Will shifted his weight from foot to foot and scratched the back of his neck. “Can we go on a drive? Up to babylon?” Babylon was what they dubbed the place they used to go when their parents fought. It was at the top of a nearby hill, in a woody area. They hadn't been there in a few months but it wasn't far, and Will felt safe there.

Jonathan stared at him oddly, but slid his feet into a pair of socks and sneakers, and said “Let's go.” Will hastily followed him out the door.

The car ride was spent in tense silence from the boys, but one of their favorite songs played from the speakers. Will looked out the window, his stomach churning and head spinning. It shouldn't be that hard, he thinks, and yet it is. Jonathan glances at him nervously a few times, like he's fearful that something awful has happened again. When they slow to a stop and Jonathan turns the car off, Will's anxiety grows tenfold. He really has to do this. They step out of the car, and Jon

pulls a blanket out of the back seat.

“Help me unfold this, will you?” he says. Will obliges gratefully, glad to have something to do with his hands besides bite his nails. When it's fully unfolded they both sit. “What's up Will? Why'd you wanna come up here?”

“I just... I gotta tell you something, Jon.” Will says quietly. Jon's forehead creases up at this.

“What is it? You can tell me,” Jonathan says earnestly.

Will wrings his hands out and bites his lip. You can do this, he tells himself, Jonathan won't mind, it'll be fine. He takes a deep breath and looks away from his brother.

“I'm gay.”

Jonathan doesn't flinch or look angry. He looks pensive as he thinks about what to say for a moment. Then he lays a hand on Will's shoulder. “I love you, Will. I'm proud of you, and this doesn't change anything about you besides who you like.”

Will finally looks up, “You sure you're not mad?”

“Mad?” Jonathan questions looking confused, “No, I'm not mad. It's really not a big deal.”

Will grins. “Ok, good. I was really nervous.”

“I know. You had me a little worried in the car.”

“Sorry.”

“Don't be.” Jonathan says, and after a beat asks, “Do you want to talk about it?”

“Maybe in a little. Can we just sit here for a while?”

“Of course. I'm here when you want to talk.”

Will sighs in relief. It went well, better than he could have hoped for.

He was thankful for Jon.

II.Mom

This was who Will was most worried for. His mom's opinion was extremely important to him. While Will had never heard her saying anything bad about people like him, he didn't know her thoughts on the matter. He loved her a lot, and hoped she would accept him.

Will sat down on the sofa next to his mom. She turned to him and smiled. "You're home early! Everything ok?"

Will was supposed to be at Mike's all day for a campaign, but Lucas's aunt was in from New York and he had to be home for dinner, so they all left around 5:00. Dustin biked Will all the way to his house, a common occurrence since the upside-down incident. He wasn't really planning on coming out to his mom today, but now seemed as good a time as ever.

"Everything was good, Lucas had family in from New York though, so we put the campaign on hold."

"Ahh. I'm sure you were all very happy about that," she said sarcastically and laughed.

"It was ok, Lucas really missed his aunt, so we weren't mad" he said with a shrug

"Look at you, you're just about the sweetest boy ever, I love you" Joyce said, wrapping an arm around her youngest son. This gesture threw Will off. He could feel tears brimming in his eyes. If she loved him so much, why couldn't he tell her the truth. When a tear dripped onto his lap, Joyce looked at him. "What's wrong, baby?" she asked voice laced with concern. This only caused him to cry harder. She hugged him, and stroked his hair. "What's going on?"

He took a shaky breath and tried to stop crying. After a minute he was sobered up enough to speak coherently. "Mom, you'll still love me even if you're angry at me right?"

"Of course, Will. I love you no matter what," Joyce promises, now more stressed than before.

Will nodded, but kept his head low. He mumbled something Joyce couldn't pick up.

"What? I can't hear you, speak up a little, " she said gently.

"I said, I'm gay," Will tells her, finally looking up. Her expression is almost funny, Will thinks, if it wasn't so terrifying. She looks shocked. Then her expression softens.

"Oh, Will, you didn't need to cry," she says, pulling him back into a hug. "It's okay, I'm not angry. I still love you. Being gay isn't bad, and if, if it makes someone upset, they're ignorant!"

A fresh set of tears comes from both of them. Will's so happy she's not mad, she's even accepting of him.

They stay on the couch like that for a long time.

III. Friends

It was a Wednesday night, and the boys, along with El, decided to start their new campaign earlier that day. It was one of their shorter campaigns, the only vital objection to defeat the final boss, a sea monster Eleven dubbed "Veronica," after a mean girl in their grade. They had finished by 7, and were now comfortably eating pizza in Mike's basement. Will had barely touched it, too nauseous to eat. He had decided a few days ago that he wanted to tell them today. Now he was finding it hard to gather courage. Eleven and Mike were sitting on the couch together, Mike telling her about a book he thought she'd like. Dustin and Lucas were sprawled out on the floor, both laughing and complaining about stomach aches from too much pizza.

"Why aren't you eating your pizza, dude?" Dustin asked, "It's sooo good," he laughed, and Lucas snorted.

Will just shrugged and offered it to them. Lucas took it and ate some, then Dustin complained about wanting it, and soon they were wrestling on the floor. Mike jumped off the couch and was trying to play mediator, but was failing.

El turned to Will. "Are you sick? Do you want me to call Mom?"

Will shook his head. "I'm not sick, just nervous."

El scrunched her face up, trying to think of the definition of nervous. She was speaking extremely well for just being back two years, but words still slipped her mind sometimes. After a few seconds it came to her. "Ohhh. Why are you nervous? Everything's safe."

"I know," he said, trying for a smile, "I just have to tell you all something." El nodded. After the wrestling stopped, Will got their attention. He was really doing this. He had to.

"I have to tell you guys something," Will said gravely. They looked around nervously, until Mike piped up.

"What's going on, Will?"

"You guys remember why I didn't ask out Jennifer, right?"

"Yea, there was another girl you liked," Dustin answered. The rest nodded.

"That's not the truth," Will said, not meeting any of their eyes.

"What's the truth then?" El asked.

Will's hands were shaking. He was sweating, and his stomach was doing flips. "I did like someone else. That part is true. But it wasn't a girl," Will said, and everyone paused, their heads wrapping around what he just said, "I'm uh, I'm gay."

Will sat there not meeting their eyes. The world stood still. Then Eleven spoke.

"I'm happy you told us. I love you Will," she said simply, with a smile.

"You know what gay is?" Mike asked her. El nodded.

"Nancy told me, and she said it wasn't bad at all. Some people think it is, but they're wrong. It's totally natural."

"Nancy's right," he said, then turned to Will, "This doesn't change

anything, you're still Will." Mike smiled.

"It's all good, as long as you don't ask us out," Lucas laughed. Will looked horrified that he would think of him like that. Lucas quickly shook his head at Will's expression, "Just trying to make a joke. Sorry. But I'm a little hurt you don't think I'm devilishly handsome." Will visibly eased up when he said that.

Will laughed, and then looked at Dustin, who hadn't said anything yet. Will stared nervously.

Dustin put his hands up in surrender. "Don't look at me like that. I'm happy for you! But more happy for me. Now I have more options with the ladies." Dustin said wiggling his eyebrows and patting Will on the back.

"You don't get ladies to begin with!" Lucas said, laughing. Dustin tackled him. They went back to whatever rough-housing they did before. Mike went back to play mediator, and El smiled at Will. She got off the couch to take a seat by Will on the floor, and wrapped an arm around him. Will wrapped an arm around her, and they watched the wrestling. They spent the rest of the night eating pizza and hanging out like normal. Will was grateful nothing had changed.

Later that night, as he was falling asleep, Will let out a sigh of relief. All of the important people in his life knew he was gay, and were okay with it. Now, though many wouldn't, the rest of the world could hate him and it wouldn't matter. Will was loved.

Author's Note:

Leave a kudos if you like, or a comment. As always, I love constructive criticism, so if you have any please comment. :)